

The Chronicle History

King. Thou dost not wish more helpe from England,
Consen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ransome?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former answer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
VWhile the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,
For there the Sunne shall greeete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischief:,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me speake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the masse, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

of Henry the

They'l be in fresher robes, or th
The gay new cloaths ore your l
And turne them out of seruice.
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone
Saue thou thy labour Herald,
Come thou no more for ransom
They shall haue nought I swea
Which if they haue, as I will lea
VWill yeeld them little, tell the
Her. I shall deliuer so.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vp
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke*.
Come souldiers let's away,
And as thou pleasest God, dispo

Enter the foure Fre

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is g

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought v

Bur. A plague of order, once
And he that will not follow *Bur*
Let him go home, and with his
Like a base leno hold the chambr
VWhy least by a slaue no gentle
His fairest daughter is containu

Con. Disorder that hath spoil
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer
Vnto these English, or else die